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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF REV. W. H. GRISWOLD.....CHAPTER V.

BY H. B. SOULE.

In the month of December, 1841, Mr. Griswold was visited by disease in a different form from any under which he had yet suffered. His patience, in this respect, was sorely tried. In a letter dated January 24th, 1842, in excusing himself from an invitation to visit New York, he thus speaks of it:—"I can not possibly accept your invitation—for which nevertheless I heartily thank you—on account of the miserable state of my health. In my present situation I can not leave home and enjoy myself; neither could my friends enjoy my company. I am afflicted with a chronic difficulty, which turns all my joy into sorrow, as soon as I am absent from home a few hours. I do not yet feel, that my new affection should be regarded as alarming; but it is not the less annoying for that reason. We should both enjoy each other here almost infinitely better, than we could, possibly, in any other place—at least until I am relieved from my present troublesome difficulty."

The disease of which he here speaks, was that most annoying and painful of all diseases, diabetes—and probably, also, the gravel, for it is hardly possible that such extreme pain as he suffered, should be produced by the former alone. He never found entire relief from this affection—it afflicted him more or less while he lived. Thus multiplied upon him, year after year, the causes of physical suffering. Is it not wonderful how much man is capable of enduring!

Mr. Griswold continued, under the pressure of all his numerous maladies, to discharge the duties of the pastor, and give some attention to the business of the firm with which he was connected; besides keeping up a somewhat extensive correspondence, and furnishing an article almost weekly for the press. A few weeks later than the above, he wrote me, that "he was reading a hundred lines of Latin and devoting an hour to the Greek Testament, daily; in the latter of which he found a solace for all his woes; and in the former, a temporary anodyne for his pains."

Among the many perplexing things, with which he had to contend, and which operated unfavorably to his usefulness, was the general suspicion that he did not write his own sermons, but borrowed them from some source. This suspicion, however, was entirely dispelled, as soon as the persons who indulged it became acquainted with him. No person who knew him, ever accused him of either the want of ability or industry to prepare his own sermons—and the very sermons too which he preached. Few preachers there are, who are so conscientious about the impropriety of copying from others, as was Mr. Griswold.—And few there are who copy so little, as he did. On this subject the following two singular paragraphs occur in a letter, written in June of this year:—

"I have just returned from an exchange with a good brother, with my feelings wounded again by that old suspicion, that has followed me ever since, in my feeble way, I have been a preacher. A gentleman, who heard me last Sunday, at the close of the last service, asked the young man who was with me, if I wrote my own sermons; for his part he did not believe I did. This was done while I was standing near enough to hear the conversation—and it appeared to me, as though it was intended I should hear it. This is too trying—it provokes me. I would as soon be thought guilty of stealing sheep. If I *am* as crooked as a Sigma, I have yet to learn that I can not think straight enough to distinguish between copying and composing a sermon. But such a thing as using other men's sermons, is done, as I do verily know; for I have a few that are out on a mission; and they are listened to with profound attention, and without the least suspicion, simply because straight and tolerably good-looking men preach them! If I had their bodies, I should be thought quite a man. But so it is; a public speaker is judged as much by his appearance and manner, as by what he says. It is with this as Virgil says of virtue—*Gratior ac pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.*

"Well, to be plain, I have not had a very large share of *puffing*, which is so current in our times. I have no doubt it is better for me on the whole, though not quite so agreeable to one's feelings. Some persons are taken up, and *puffed* at once into a comfortable location and popularity. I do not deserve such things; and I ought not to expect to receive things which I do not deserve, simply because some others do. Envy is the last feeling that will ever find admittance into my breast. The fact is, I am obscure—unknown—rather forbidding in my personal appearance; and no wonder the people inquire, Who is he? What is he? Where does he get his sermons? I have yet preached in but few places, where they did not—some of them at least—think that I *stole* my sermons! And the worst of all is, that it is hopeless for me to expect to preach, to any moral profit, to people in whose minds rest such suspicions. Besides, this being thought a thief, even in making *sermons*, is apt to produce, in me, unkindly feelings towards my fellow beings—which is wrong, altogether wrong. And I pray for strength to rise above them."

In the course of this summer, Mr. Griswold made two excursions for his health; one, with a member of his society, into the northern part of Connecticut—the other in company with Rev. G. W. Gage, to the White Mountains in New Hampshire. But the benefit which he received from these jaunts, was merely nominal; and he was obliged to supply his desk for two months or more by exchanges.

In October he resigned the pastoral charge of the society in Andover, and with that month closed his labors there. Soon after followed the failure of the firm in which he was a partner, involving him in pecuniary ruin. This was a heavy blow, and almost crushed him to the earth. He was in feeble health—was indeed daily declining—and the prospect was, that he would soon be unable to follow any pursuit which would yield him a livelihood; and now, by one stroke, all the means on which he had, for years, calculated to rely for support, in case such an emergency as he was now expecting, should fall to his lot—was swept from his grasp forever. But in all this misfortune, the feature which was most trying to his feelings, was, that he had suffered debts to be incurred in his name, which he no longer had the means of paying. "I could bear," said he, "to be poor and eat only the bread which my feeble strength and my friends should grant me; but it fills my soul with agony, to think that, through any means whatever, I may die indebted to the world—and especially to friends, who have kindly assisted me. And if I live five years, and enjoy only my present miserable health, I will 'owe no man any thing.' If Heaven were willing I should like to live long enough to accomplish this purpose; I ask to live no longer; I shall then be willing to 'go hence and be here no more.' But, alas! I feel that I shall never see five years more in this world. God's will be done!"

His health soon became so precarious, and his sufferings so intense from the rheumatism in his shoulder and the diabetis, that he was forced to seek medical aid—to which he had for a long time felt a strong aversion. He accordingly went to Boston, and placed himself under the care of Dr. Thompson, where he remained several weeks. The medicines seemed for a season to operate favorably, and he improved so rapidly as to be flattered with the hope of soon being comfortable again, and able to engage in the duties of his profession. But his hopes proved illusive; for very little permanent improvement was made. He preached three Sabbaths, but found he was too feeble to endure the fatigue of speaking in public, and returned again to Boston and appealed to medical aid. He remained there until about the middle of March, when he went to Dudley, (Mass.,) to spend a Sabbath as a candidate for the pastorship of the Universalist society in that place. While there he addressed a letter to his niece in Turin, N. Y., from which we make the following extract:—

"My dear Niece—Your letter, so welcome, I received a few days since while in Boston. I thank you for it—it has done me good. It sends a blessed cheer over my feelings, to feel the warm breathing of your healthful and happy spirit. It is a long time since we have enjoyed the pleasure of seeing and conversing with each other. In that time, I suppose we have both changed very much. Instead of the little girl of ten years, you are now the happy maiden of seventeen. And I—well, I am what I am! Yes; we have indeed changed.

The past, which of us can review it and not feel both joyful and sad? It has in it some, many green spots, around which my memory will ever love to linger—glad scenes, whose recollections the corrosive influence of rolling years can hardly weaken in their pleasure, or dim in their vividness. But, then, they are in the *past;* and however much I may love to awaken the recollections of them, there is something in the idea that they are by-gone, that tinges even 'the veil of memory' with hues of sadness—that throws a plaintive canopy over the brooding spirit of thought. Yet I would not forget them, oh, no, never.

"But I am wandering from my object; I did not mean at this time to reply to the spirit of your letter, but to inquire of you concerning another matter, which very deeply concerns me, and, I trust, you also, measurably at least.

"I have accepted an invitation to a settlement with the society in this town—Dudley, Worcester county, Mass.—and shall remove here on the first of April next. My health has been such, that I have been obliged to suspend all my labors for nearly five months; and I have been under medical treatment during a large portion of that time. I am now a little better, but my health is still very feeble; I am not able to discharge the duties of the pastor, but am compelled to do so for subsistence. I have concluded to take advantage of my past labor in preparation for the desk, and only subject myself for a season to the mere labor of the Sabbath. My appetite is poor—I am miserable and ought to have some one to take care of me—some one that will perform the office of mother or sister. And the object of this letter is, to ascertain whether you are willing to come and live with, and take care of, me. It is not probable that I should keep you long, for I feel that I have, at most, but a few months more in the present world. I would return to Turin and spend them among the few friends I have left; but I want, while I can use my pen and voice, to do what I can for those friends who have sustained losses by my misfortunes. And I want also—for I can not bear the thought of dying among strangers—that at least one of my relatives should be with me in my last hours, to smoothe my pillow, and see that I am laid where I can sleep well. And I know of no loving spirit who will perform this angel's office so well as thou. Wilt thou not come then?

"If you can come, and conclude to do so, make your arrangements to tarry two years; you need not longer, for before they have elapsed the scene will be closed, and I shall be with my mother, the child's heaven. * * *

Dudley, March 14th, 1843. W. H. G."

Accordingly, on the first of April, Mr. Griswold removed to Dudley and entered again, with all the strength he possessed, upon the performance of his duties as pastor. After spending one Sabbath under his new engagement, he wrote me in the following terms:—

"Dear Brother:—In reply to your numerous inquiries about my health, new location, &c., you will, at this time, permit me to be brief; for I am hardly able to write at all, and would not if I did not feel the duty to be imperative. My health is some better, I think, than when I last wrote you; but it is yet very miserable. I succeeded in performing all the usual labors of the pulpit last Sabbath, but it so exhausted me that I could get no sleep during the following night. I am so weak that it is with difficulty I can ascend the slightest elevation; my breathing is very short, and, especially on a little exertion, very difficult. I have lately been afflicted in still a new form—with turns of vomiting, accompanied with the most wrenching throes. My diabetis is 'nothing better but only worse,' and keeps me pretty closely confined at home. It has become so terrible, that I can not attend in any public place where I should be confined more than two hours; and to show any mercy on myself, I ought never to extend the time beyond an hour and a half. If you have a tear for misery, let it fall for your friend. My rheumatism is very bad, and it will be a miracle, if I live a year longer, if I do not entirely lose the use of my right arm. Besides, I am affected with a cough that is very painful.—Some days, when I rise in the morning I feel extremely bright and strong for me, and before noon I am prostrated—utterly helpless, and the next door to death. I am frequently brought so low by these *turns*, as to feel that the next one must be the last. Such is the state of my physical health.

"My moral health was never better. Affliction has had a blessed effect upon my soul. Every pang I suffer brings me nearer to God; and the nearer I approach him, I only love him the more. Universalism looks more beautiful to me to-day, than ever before in my life. It is just the religion for the afflicted and the suffering. It has a moral power and solace in it, which are equal to any emergency with which the soul can ever meet. It came to me on a sick bed, and is ever loveliest when I am prostrate there. It has taught me to

> "Know how sublime a thing it is
> *To suffer and be strong.*"

And I have not the least doubt, that in a little season it will give me glory and triumph in death. Indeed, it has already stripped Death of his terrors and put an olive branch in his hand; and when he comes to me it will be as a messenger of peace and deliverance. Why should man fear death, and look upon it as a thing so awful?—it is Love's appointment, that the Parent and the child may meet.

"With regard to your question, 'Why have you engaged again to preach regularly, in your present state of health?' I answer; because I was not willing to leave the smallest opportunity to pass, which might be improved to the advantage of my friends. I shall work as long as I can stand up; I can not consent while I have the ability to earn a penny a day, to become a burden to any of my relatives or friends; and if I can save any thing above a plain and simple living, I want it should go to remunerate those who have shared in my pecuniary misfortune. I only ask to live so long as to earn enough, to 'owe no man anything but to love him,' when I come to die. It was not my fault, but my folly in trusting too confidently in others, that placed me where I am. But since it is so, I am resolved to labor and suffer, that, if it be possible, I may be able to give to every man his due. These are the reasons why I have accepted the invitation of the society in this place, and I mean to devote to their interests all the strength I have. If I were as well situated in regard to pecuniary means as I was three years ago, I should probably never preach another sermon. I would, in that case, return to Turin, and spend the remnant of my days with my sister; and in the preparation and publication of the best of my discourses and essays, find all the employment of which I shall ever be really capable. In her I should find that tenderness and attention which my situation needs, while in turn I should render her an acceptable service, and aid in smoothing the rugged pathway of her life. But alas! I can only weep for her—to help her is no longer mine. Heaven's blessings descend on her.

"I have thus told you briefly, how I am and why I am here. I shall go on just as though I expected to live many years yet; and when the day of departure comes, whatever I shall leave behind, must be shared among my kind friends. I renew here my request, which I made to you verbally during your visit to me at Andover, that, when I am gone, you shall take all my manuscripts and papers; prepare and publish such of them as you shall think worthy of a place in a weekly journal, and commit the remainder to the flames. This is all. To be great I have never striven—my only aim has been to be useful; and when the last hour comes, if I can look back and see a day spent, not in easy pleasure or vain strife after a name, but in lightening the burden of grief and alleviating the sorrows that fall to the lot of human life—it will be all I seek. To dry one tear and ease one aching heart—to lessen one drop the cup of human misery, or extract one bitter drug therefrom, is a worthier object of ambition, than heaps of gold or thunders of applause. To attain this end, I am willing to bear any burden which the God of love shall, in his wisdom, be pleased to impose upon me. * * * * *

I remain fraternally and truly yours,

Dudley, April 6, 1843. W. H. G."

For the Magazine and Advocate.

PROTRACTED MEETING IN OHIO.

Mr. Editor—Sir: With the advice of some o my friends, I transmit to you, and for publication if you should think proper, an account of some of the mighty doings of a protracted meeting held in the township of Green, Trumbull county, Ohio.—The meeting was conducted by a gentleman by the name of A. Ingersol, who had not long resided in the place. He was of the new school order.—After whipping the few members into confessions, and their restoring to their ungodly neighbors, as they were wont to call them, such things as had lain heavy on their consciences for years, they made great efforts to gather their neighbors to the anxious bench: but not having much success, and the meeting hanging heavy on their hands, they took the following method to call out the people, viz. The preacher stated that he had been informed that there was a number in the township that did not believe in endless punishment: he would request such to bring forward their objections and he would remove them. In consequence of which, there was a number of objections presented which called out a respectable audience. A number of objections were presented by different individuals, and among them several by myself:* but his reverence entirely failed to answer them. Subsequently I addressed him the following letter. Yours respectfully,

Roswell Bartlett.

* The objections which our correspondent proposed follow: but we must decline publishing them for two reasons; 1. They require more corrections and alterations than we have, at present, time to make, to fit them for the press; and 2 They are far from being the most weighty that could be presented, and moreover take ground in favor of the annihilation of the wicked, a doctrine which we utterly repudiate, it being in our view unscriptural, and certainly is no part of Universalism, but directly opposed to it.—Editor.

LETTER TO REV. A. INGERSOL.

Dear Sir:—I am exceedingly sorry that a stranger should come into Green township pretending to have the Gospel of peace on his lips and its influence in his heart, and so entirely fail of producing the effects that should necessarily result from the labors of a true minister of Christ.

It was your own proposition for those that did not believe in an endless state of suffering to present their objections, and you would try to remove them. As soon as I heard of the proposition, I said I thought it to be a foolish proposition, and would not be likely to do any good. I also thought the church had misjudged in suffering such questions to be brought forward at a protracted meeting especially to be answered by a man with whom they were no better acquainted than they were with you. However inconsiderate the proposition, yet we still hoped you would meet the objections and answer the questions, with a proper respect to the importance of the subject, and with a due regard to those who presented the objections. You should have known that they might set as much by their doctrine as you do by yours, and hence, should treat them as you would wish to be treated. But alas! sir, what we hoped we have not found; but what we feared we have found too true. We had our serious doubts relative both to the talents and honesty of any man, especially a stranger, that would presume on such an inconsiderate course.—Did you not know that the general conclusion would be that it was done to get people out to meeting? Yes, and some would not go on that account.

But sir, instead of answering the objections proposed candidly and argumentatively, you had resource to low, vulgar and abusive language. My objections brought against the immortality of the wicked you passed by wholly unanswered, and read and brought forward the worst characters that ever disgraced humanity, and applied them to me and others. Your being unable to answer the objections, no doubt, raised your indignation to the same degree that Calvin's was excited when he got overpowered in a debate with Servetus on the Trinity, and so sought revenge, even to the taking of his life.

In the first start you disputed the honesty of any man that would bring forward, or rather that pretended to believe in the doctrine of the happiness of all men,—that God-like principle that brought down Christ from heaven, viz., love to the world; and through the whole of your discourse you cast your anathemas on any and every one that would believe in such a heaven-born principle as that which caused Jesus to die on the cross for his enemies; saying, he did not pray for the world; and not being able to present the doctrine we hold in so bad a form as you would wish to have it, you misrepresented it, stating that it taught that sinners would go to heaven in their sins, a doctrine that you acknowledged that they never taught! Where, sir, was your honesty or respect towards those whom you had *invited* forward? Did you wish to get them there to misrepresent and abuse them before a congregation, thinking you had made such conditions that they would not dare to dispute you? What respect had you for them, or common decency, or logical reasoning, when you advised all the Universalists to kill themselves, so they might the sooner get to heaven? Why not blame Paul for inconsistency in not doing the same, when he said he knew that when this earthly tabernacle should be dissolved he had a house not made with hands eternal in the heavens. He should, according to your logic, surely have killed himself at once. Why not advise to kill all infants (for they may live to go to an endless hell) and save them from that doom? Yes, sir, why not kill all the members of your little church, since you have got their difficulties settled up and their little things carried home that should have been carried home long ago, or rather that they should never have had occasion to have carried home, being dishonestly obtained? If I can understand your language, you hold the doctrine of falling from grace and the possibility of those once Christians so going to an endless hell! Why not then, kill every man, woman and child, as soon as you get them converted? for they may fall away and be eternally lost! Sir, it stands you in hand to make sure work, or the blood of souls will be found in your skirts. Be up and doing!—The principle has once been carried out in the town of Kinsman, only ten miles from this, where the clergy preached endless hell torments to a certain Mrs. Stone, until she thought there was no mercy for her; but the humane and heaven-implanted principle of love had not become quite extinct: and after inquiring of her father, (who was a Baptist preacher,) if he thought children would be saved—he answering her in the affirmative,—that blessed principle, to do by others as you would have them do by you, was still burning in her bosom, her reason being dethroned by the bad influence of her teachers, yet a spark of mercy being left, she caught her three small children and put their heads into a spring, in which there was placed a hollow tub.—She herself, having despaired of happiness, was still anxious for her children. Ah, sir, see the effects of your doctrine! If she had been taught that God's mercy endureth forever, and that he was unchangeable in his love, and acted for the best good of his children, her husband might, to this day have been happy with his wife and children. But alas! his children were dead, his wife a maniac, his happiness for this life forever destroyed by the horrid doctrine of endless damnation! Who, sir, must give an account for all this and ten thousand times more, occasioned by this preaching of what God never commanded men to preach? God's Gospel of glad tidings never produced such effects.

We are led to suppose, from your arguments, that nothing is required but to believe in an endless hell, and that would amply qualify men for Heaven. You seem to believe and teach that a man that does not believe in an endless hell can not be saved; consequently, if he believed it, it would be according to your favorite notions of antithesis, "setting one over against the other;" as you labored to prove from those going "away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal," that the one must be equal in duration to the other. Now, sir, why are you not willing to reason as fairly on the verse in Romans given you? "For as by one man's disobedience, many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." "Set one over against the other," and let your reasoning be fair and honest.

But sir, where are your most ardent teachers, the preachers of your favorite doctrine, Burchard, Fairchild, Knapp, Johnson, Taylor, and a host of others that might be named? Whilst the doctrine of an endless hell was on their lips what was their conduct? Restraining as the doctrine of endless punishment may be, it has proved itself quite insufficient to make even its warmest friends and staunchest advocates respectable and decent men. With the favorite doctrine of hell torments on their lips, many of them have been guilty of the foulest crimes. Let us have a doctrine like that taught in the Bible, a Gospel that brings glad tidings which shall be unto all men, and in the dispensation of the fulness of times shall be universally believed and obeyed. I am with all due consideration, sir, your sincere friend and well wisher.

Green, O., March 3d, 1845. ROSWELL BARTLETT.

DEATHS.

In Clinton, March 21st, CHARLES EVERETT, aged 30 years. Br. Everett died of consumption. For little more than a year he had been declining gradually, thus preparing us all to meet his departure with becoming resignation to the will of Heaven. To tell how much we loved him would be impossible. Possessing an amiable disposition, he was endeared to us all, by ties, such as virtue only can create. To say that our friend was a noble and generous man, a good citizen, and an affectionate husband, parent and child would be giving but an humble tribute to his memory and his virtues. I was with him, more or less, almost every week, for one year before his death, and I must say that I never witnessed greater proofs of the power of Christianity, in reconciling man to the dealings of Providence, and in producing its affections in the heart, than were exhibited in the conversation, feelings and confidence which our deceased friend placed in the Author of his existence. Our society has lost one of its warm friends and supporters, and this community an esteemed and worthy citizen. What he was to his wife, child, parents, brothers and sisters, their hearts only can appreciate.

His funeral was attended on Sunday the 23d, and the customary addresses delivered by the writer, to one of the largest congregations ever assembled upon a funeral occasion in this village. D. S. M.

In Clinton, March 11th, MARIA, eldest child of Albert and Mary Burlingame, aged 7 years. Maria was a bright and promising bud, but she has been removed by death, and transplanted to blossom in a more congenial soil. She will be remembered long, by both teachers and scholars of the Sabbath school, of which she was a regular attendant. Her parents, bereft of one of their greatest blessings, derive consolation in believing.

"That, beyond the darkling tomb,
The sweet flower in radiant bloom,
Fadeless in the heavenly air,
Will live and bloom forever there." D. S. M.

TWO FATHERS IN ISRAEL HAVE FALLEN.

Our affectionate and venerable father in Israel, Rev. THOMAS BILLINGHURST, is no more. He departed this life, at the residence of his son in law, Br. Edward Beers, in the town of Pittsford, on the 20th ult., aged 86 years.—Br. Billinghurst was received into the fellowship of the General or Arminian Baptist, in Ditchling, Sussex county, England, where and with whom he commenced the ministry of the Gospel as they understood it, at the early age of seventeen years. He was ordained an elder, and had the charge of several societies up to the time of leaving the land of his nativity, for the happy shores and productive soil of North America.

He landed in the city of New York, January 29th, 1795. He had been in this country about five years, when, to his inexpressible joy, he saw the glorious light of truth extending its benign and saving influence to save all our race.—This unchanging truth our beloved friend most faithfully preached about 20 years, without fee or pecuniary reward.

He was the first preacher of the Abrahamic faith in this vicinity, and formed the first society in this place. He believed in, and administered the ordinances of baptism and the eucharist to the members of his charge. He was faithful to be at his appointments. He was the last member of his father's family. Few men were more kind in their dispositions, or more benevolent in their lives. He was eminently distinguished for his virtues, and for his zealous services to friends and religious opposers.

When his declining health and weight of years pressed the infirmity of age upon him, he retired from the ministry, but has stood as a lasting monument of the grace and mercy of God, in Christ Jesus our Lord, until, like a shock of corn fully ripe, the great Husbandman removed him to his sacred garner in heaven At the powerful disposal of God, he bade adieu to his friends and the shores of time, for the glorious fields of endless bliss in a boundless eternity.

The purity of the Gospel and the excellence of its precepts were a frequent topic of his conversation. Its practical influence upon his conduct through a long life, his friends and neighbors often acknowledged to be worthy of imitation, and it is most fervently desired they will follow out, and carry out, in all the walks of life, his worthy example, that their last end may [illegible]

The text for his funeral, was se[illegible] himself. It is found in 1 Cor. xv: 53–55. The co[illegible]ns of the precious promises of God were delivere[illegible] the surviving friends and neighbors, by the writer. S. MILES.

Br. Hammond—It becomes my painful duty to inform you and the public generally, that our worthy and beloved brother, Rev. LISCOMB KNAPP departed this life on Thursday, the 27th of March, 1845. You are aware that he has been declining in health for about two years, and had lost entirely the use of his limbs. He experienced, however, but little bodily pain during his protracted illness. I visited him frequently during his confinement, and always found him resigned, devotional, and morally happy. He was beloved by all who knew him, and has left behind him a reputation for moral honesty, integrity and piety, which kings might court. He died as he had lived, in full confidence of a glorious immortality for himself and all mankind. The doctrine that he publicly preached for about 32 years, sustained him through all his troubles to the last moment.

The funeral of Br. Knapp was attended at his late residence, in Royalton, on Sunday the 30th ult., when the consolations of the Gospel were tendered to an immense concourse of sympathising friends and neighbors, by the writer. May the rich blessings of God, both temporal and spiritual, rest upon, and abide with, the afflicted family. J. C.

His age was about 60 years.—[Luminary.

SELECTIONS.

The Boy and Man.

BY REV. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

A few years ago, there was, in the city of Boston, a portrait painter, whose name was Mr. Copley. He did not succeed very well in his business, and concluded to go to England, to try his fortunes there. He had a little son, whom he took with him, whose name was John Singleton Copley.

John was a very studious boy, and made such rapid progress in his studies, that his father sent him to college. There he applied himself so closely to his books, and became so distinguished a scholar, that his instructors predicted that he would make a very eminent man.

After he graduated, he studied law. And when he entered upon the practice of his profession, his mind was so richly stored with information, and so highly disciplined by his previous diligence, that he almost immediately obtained celebrity. One or two cases of very great importance being entrusted to him, he managed them with so much wisdom and skill, as to attract the admiration of the whole British nation.

The king and his cabinet, seeing what a learned man he was, and how much influence he had acquired, felt it to be important to secure his service for the government. They therefore raised him from one high post of honor to another, till he was created Lord High Chancellor of England—the very highest post of honor to which any subject can attain: so that John Singleton Copley is now Lord Lyndhurst, Lord High Chancellor of England.

About sixty years ago, he was a little boy in Boston. His father was a poor portrait painter, hardly able to get his daily bread. Now, John is at the head of the nobility of England; one of the most distinguished men of talent and power, in the House of Lords, and regarded with reverence and respect by the whole civilized world.—This is the reward of industry. The studious boy becomes the useful and respected man.

Had John S. Copley spent his school-boy days in idleness, he would probably have passed his manhood in poverty and shame. But he studied in school, when other boys were idle; he studied in college when other young men were wasting their time; he even adopted for his motto, "*Ultra pergere.*" (*press onward.*)—and how rich has been his reward.

You, my young friends, are now laying the foundation for your future life. You are every day, at school, deciding the question, whether you will be useful and respected in life, or whether your manhood shall be passed in mourning over the follies of misspent boyhood.

The Plague in Milan.

An ancient couplet, preserved for ages by tradition foretold that in the year 1630, the devil would poison all Milan. Early one [illegible]ing in April, and before the pestilence had [illegible] height, the passengers were surprised to s[illegible] doors in the principal part of the city were mar[illegible] with a curious daub or spot—as if a sponge filled w[illegible] prurient matter of the sores had been pressed against them. The whole population was speedily in movement to mark the strange appearance, and the greatest alarm spread rapidly. Every means was taken to discover the perpetrators, but in vain. At last the ancient prophecy was remembered, and prayers were offered up in all the churches that the machinations of the evil one might be defeated. Many persons were of the opinion, that the emissaries of foreign powers were employed to spread infectious poison over the city; but by far the greater number were convinced that the powers of hell had conspired against them, and that the infection was spread by supernatural agencies. In the mean time the plague increased fearfully. Distrust and alarm took possession of every mind. Every thing was believed to have been poisoned by the devil; the waters of the well, the standing corn in the fields, and the fruit upon the trees. It was believed that all objects of touch were poisoned; the walls of the houses—the pavements of the streets, and the very handles of the doors.

The populace was raised to a pitch of ungovernable fury. A strict watch was kept for the devil's emissaries; and any man who wanted to be rid of an enemy, had only to say that he had seen him besmearing a door with ointment—his fate was certain death at the hands of the mob. An old man, upwards of eighty years of age, a daily frequenter of the church of St. Antonio, was seen on rising from his knees, to wipe with the skirt of his cloak the stool on which he was about to sit down. A cry was raised immediately that he was besmearing the seat with poison. A mob of women by whom the church was crowded, seized hold of the feeble old man, and dragged him out by the hair of his head with horrid oaths and imprecations. He was trailed in this manner through the mire to the house of the municipal judge, that he might be put to the rack, and forced to discover his accomplices, but he expired on the way.

Many other victims were sacrificed to the popular fury. One Mora, who appears to be half a chemist and half a barber, was accused of being in league with the devil to poison Milan. His house was surrounded, and a number of chemical preparations were found. The poor man asserted that they were intended as preservatives against infection; but some physicians to whom they were submitted decided they were poison. Mora was put on the rack, where for a long time, he asserted his innocence. He confessed at last, when his courage was worn down by torture, that he was in league with the devil and foreign powers to poison the whole city; that he had anointed the doors, and infected the fountains of water. He named several persons as his accomplices, who were apprehended and put to a similar torture. They were all found guilty and executed.—Mora's house was razed to the ground, and a column erected on the spot; with an inscription to commemorate his guilt. While the public mind was filled with these marvellous occurrences, the plague continued to increase. The crowds that were brought together to witness the executions spread the infection among one another. But the fury of their passions, and the extent of their credulity, kept pace with the violence of the plague; every wonderful and preposterous story was believed. One in particular occupied them, to the exclusion for a long time of every other. The devil himself was seen: he had taken a house in Milan, in which he prepared his poisonous agents, and furnished them to his emissaries for distribution. One man had brooded over such tales till he became firmly convinced that the wild flights of his own fancy were realities. He stationed himself in the market place at Milan, and related the following story to the crowd that gathered around him. He was standing, he said, at the door of the Cathedral, late in the evening, and when there was nobody nigh; he saw a dark colored chariot drawn by six milk white horses, stop close beside him. The chariot was followed by a numerous train of domestics, on dark colored horses.

In the chariot there sat a tall stranger of a majestic aspect, his long black hair floated in the wind, fire flashed from his large black eyes, and a curl of ineffable scorn dwelt upon his lips. The look of the stranger was so sublime that he was awed, and trembled with fear when he gazed upon him. His complexion was much darker than that of any man he had seen, and the atmosphere around him was hot and suffocating. He perceived immediately that he was a being of another world. The stranger seeing his trepidation, asked him blandly, yet majestically to mount beside him. He had no power to refuse, and before he was well aware that he had moved, he found himself in the chariot. Onward they went with the rapidity of the wind, the stranger speaking no word until they had stopped before a door in a street of Milan.

There was a crowd of people in the street, but to his great surprise, no one seemed to notice the extraordinary equipage, and its numerous train. From this he concluded they were invisible. The house at which they stopped appeared to be a shop; but the interior was like a vast half-ruined palace.

He went with his mysterious guide through several large and dimly lighted rooms. In one of them, surrounded by huge pillars of marble, a senate of ghosts were assembled debating on the plague. Other parts of the building were enveloped in the thickest darkness, illuminated at intervals by vivid flashes of lightning, by which he saw a number of gibing and chattering skeletons running about, and pursuing each other, or playing at leap-frog over one another's backs. At the rear of the mansion was a wild uncultivated plot of ground, in the midst of which stood a black rock. Down its sides, rushed with fearful noise, a torrent of poisonous water, which insinuating itself through the soil, penetrated to all the springs of the city, and rendered them unfit for use. After he had shown all this, the stranger led him into another chamber, filled with gold, and precious stones, all of which he offered him if he would kneel down and worship him, and consent to smear the doors and houses with a pestiferous salve which he held out to him. He now knew him to be the devil, and in that moment of temptation prayed to God to give him strength to resist. His prayer was heard—he resisted the bribe.

The stranger scowled horribly upon him—a loud clap of thunder clapped over his head—the vivid lightning flashed in his eyes, and the next moment he found himself standing alone at the porch of the Cathedral. He repeated the strange story day after day, without any variation, and all the populace were firm believers in its truth. Repeated search was made to discover the house, but all in vain. The man pointed out several as resembling it, which were searched by the police; but the demon of the pestilence was not to be found, nor the hall of ghosts, nor the poisonous fountain. But the minds of the people were so impressed with the idea, that scores of witnesses half crazed by disease, came forward to swear that they also had seen the diabolical stranger and heard the chariot drawn by milk white steeds rumbling over the streets at midnight, with sound louder than thunder. The number of persons who confessed they were employed by the devil to distribute poison, is almost incredible. An epidemic frenzy was abroad, which seemed to be as contagious as the plague. Imagination was as disordered as the body; and day after day persons came voluntarily forward to accuse themselves. They had the marks of disease upon them, and some died in the act of confession.

"I just did."

Yes you just did,—and did wrong! How many have had to regret that they just did the very things they ought not to have done.

A little girl *just* left the baby *one minute*, sitting alone on a chair, while she went to get a pin. Before she returned, the babe had fallen from the chair, and was severely injured on the head.

The cook just left the street door open one minute, while she ran down to the corner grocery, and when she returned, the hall lamp was stolen.

A hack driver just left his horses one minute, while he went into a store to get a "glass." Before he had half drank his rum, his horses were frightened, and running down the street, broke the coach to pieces and injured many people who could not get out of the way.

A servant girl just left a salver filled with china, one minute on the edge of the table, while she ran to the door. A little girl, just standing by pulled the salver upon the floor. The china was broken, the little girl badly hurt, and the servant lost her place for her carelessness

Some boys thought they would just take a little sail in a boat one Sabbath afternoon. A sudden flaw of wind struck the sail, upset the boat, and only two boys escaped alive.

A man who had a lighted cigar in his mouth just stopped into a barn a minute, and did not notice that a spark had fallen amongst the hay on the floor. In half an hour many loads of hay and grain were all burned to the ground.

How many more such careless acts I might mention, I can not tell now, but I have told of enough to make you more careful, if you don't only *just* read this, lay it down and think of it no more.

MAGAZINE AND ADVOCATE.

Rev. Dolphus Skinner, Editor.
Revs. S. Jenkins, A. B. Grosh, S. R. Smith, J. M. Austin, A. C. Barray, Corresponding Editors.

UTICA, FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1845.

"Our cause in this State."

In answer to the article under the above head, in the Magazine and Advocate of the 28th ult., I beg leave to insert the following article, written in reply to a similar production from the pen of Br. Hammond, which we take from the Western Luminary of the 29th ult.—premised by a few suggestions which seem called for.

That unfortunate paragraph in a private letter to my intimate friend and brother, J. G. Adams, has caused the manifestation of a littleness of feeling, and a jealousy of Eastern preachers, in a "New York Universalist," that I would not have believed existed in the breast of any of our New York brethren. This "New York Universalist," has laid himself open to the severest rebuke, for his evident attempt to stir up jealousy and hard feelings, from a few words, which he acknowledges I had no bad intention in uttering. But I forbear. I will not retort as I might. I feel far more inclined to weep, than indulge even in just recrimination. Our Zion, mourning amidst desolation and ruin, in many of the fairest portions of our State—its friends disheartened and desponding—and not a word must be said, not an effort made to sow the seed anew, not a syllable must be uttered about bringing good men and true to refill the soil, lest, forsooth, it may cast disparagement on brethren who have formerly labored in these fields! Away with such littleness! Instead of this fault-finding let us *to work* in earnest, and build up "the waste places!" I can not and will not believe these jealous feelings are entertained by the great body of our preachers in this State. And least of all, have I any fears that men possessing the elevated and enlarged minds of Brs. Grosh, Cook, Soule, and others mentioned by this writer, will believe I intended to cast the slightest disparagement upon them. They did nobly, in view of all the disadvantages under which they labored. I looked not to the *past*. My mind was simply on the *present*. Without any reference to things heretofore done, right or wrong, I simply asserted, what I again reiterate, that *now*, men of the right stamp—i. e. men fitted for the peculiar labors necessary in these places, (and I suppose it will be allowed that every preacher is not fitted for all locations in the world,) would succeed in building up large societies in the places enumerated. Perhaps some of the very brethren who formerly labored in these towns, would now, from a change of circumstances, prove very successful. Indeed I have no doubt they would. As to all this sensitiveness about my declaration, that "*right* men" were wanted, to "till the soil *properly*," I consider it childish in the extreme. I again protest, that in penning these words, the brethren who formerly labored in the places enumerated, were not in my mind at all. The language had reference only to those who might *now* go to those places, for the purpose of making new exertions to reanscitate our cause. I suppose "a New York Universalist," will allow they should be "right men," possessing "decent abilities, and of *moral* worth," and men too, who will "till the soil *properly!*" If he allows this, why all this outcry because these very proper qualifications were named? Or would it have suited his views better, if I had said they should be *wrong* men, possessing *no talents* and *no moral worth*, and who would till the soil *improperly?* But I submit the following, which is as applicable to "A New York Universalist," as to Br. Hammond:—

"The paragraph from my pen, to which you take exceptions, was not written for the public eye, but occurred casually in a private letter, to an intimate and highly esteemed friend and brother at the East, whose whole soul is deeply interested in the welfare of our holy cause *every where!* You, and all other candid persons, will assuredly acquit me of all *intent*, to wound the sensibilities of any of our brethren, ministering or lay, in thus writing in a private epistle. And certain I am, Br. Adams did not dream, in giving the paragraph to the public through the Trumpet, that it contained any thing to which the friends of our cause could possibly take exceptions, or that it could injure the feelings of any.

I must decidedly and entirely dissent from the inferences you very singularly draw from my language. One or two of them, I feel bound to notice, as contained in the following paragraph:

'We believe there are men of at least decent abilities and a proper moral worth, in the Empire State, who might be obtained to supply these vacancies.' And pray, Br. Hammond, who has said any thing different from this? Surely I have not—nor have I intimated any thing of the kind. I have made no remark to disparage either the abilities, or moral worth of the ministering brethren of the Empire State. I have not said that it was necessary to go out of our State to find men of the right description to build 'the waste places of our Zion.' And all deductions of this character from my language, are wholly unauthorized. I believe as sincerely as Br. Hammond, that there are ministering brethren in the Empire State, abundantly qualified to labor successfully to build up the cause any where—and I have intimated nothing to the contrary. What call, then, was there for such a remark as above in reference to my language?

Again, you say—'The only difficulty which Br. Austin sees in the way of building up large and flourishing societies in Utica, Syracuse, Waterloo, Seneca Falls, Geneva, Ithica, Canandaigua, and Rochester, is to obtain a man 'of decent abilities and proper moral worth.' These, we may infer from his letter, are rare commodities in the vicinity of those places.' I protest against any such inference being drawn from my language—it is unwarranted and groundless. And I must be permitted to say that I consider it unkind and unbrotherly to prejudice the brethren of our ministry, in this region against me, who am a stranger, just come into their midst, by torturing my words into a meaning which never entered my heart. For all the ministering brethren with whom I have become acquainted, in the region of the towns above enumerated, I entertain the highest respect, both in regard to their 'abilities,' and 'moral worth.' I disclaim all intent to call in question, or doubt in the least, either their intelligence, their talents, or their moral character. And to every candid and Christian mind, this disclaimer will be abundantly satisfactory. These brethren are already actively, and very usefully, engaged in their respective fields of labors, and can not be expected to abandon them for the sake of laboring in other places. This would be only leaving one place desolate to build up in another. Hence it is *more help* that we want—more good, faithful ministers, to join the good and faithful band already laboring here, to call to life our cause in the many beautiful towns where it is now languishing and dying! And *this* is the meaning to be attached to my language, and all that by a fair and honorable construction, it can be made to convey. If I were to say that all it wanted to build up a new Universalist society in a favorable location in the city of New York, was that a man 'of decent abilities and proper moral worth,' should engage zealously in the attempt, would any man in his senses maintain that the inference from this language was that Brs. Sawyer, Balch, and other ministering brethren in and around New York were not men of ability and good character? How then, can such an inference be drawn, when the location is simply changed from New York to Utica, Rochester or Geneva?

A few months since, I came into this State, after a somewhat lengthy residence in Massachusetts. There I left our cause in a condition prosperous and flourishing, beyond all former precedent. Old societies enlarging—new societies springing up—our ministry constantly increasing—and all things promising and hopeful! But how different did I find the condition of our Zion in this region! Large sections of country, populous cities, villages, and hamlets, where not an advocate of 'the great salvation,' raised his voice—meetinghouses empty, deserted—the rank weeds of neglect choking the very door-ways—societies languishing, dying, dead! My soul was pained within me! In anguish of spirit I cried—'can nothing be done to build up the waste places of Zion, and infuse new life into those who once professed to be lovers and friends of the salvation of the race.' In my anxiety to see a new state of things, I have thought, and said, and written much, I acknowledge. And if peradventure, a word, or a sentence, may have escaped me, which does not exactly square with what some of our friends may think is proper to be said on the subject, is there not sufficient charity and magnanimity in the brethren, to attribute it to my deep interest in the welfare of our cause, and my anxious desire to behold it reviving, rather than to any jealous and unworthy spirit within me respecting my co-laborers? I feel assured there must be. I have found many faithful and noble warriors of the cross, waging a courageous contest against fearful odds, on this great battle field. I feel honored by their acquaintance and friendship—I respect and love them! And I am confident they will not hastily attribute to me any disposition to throw the slightest disparagement upon them.

Still I can not be contented to have our blessed Gospel languishing amidst a living death, as it does, in many of the most favorable locations of the State! I would raise my voice, and send forth a cry that shall reach every slumbering Universalist throughout the length and breadth of the land—'Awake! awake! the morning light has come!' It is high time to arise and enter the Gospel vineyard, and commence an earnest, zealous, faithful labor in behalf of truth and humanity! 'All things are ready for an effort, which rightfully exerted, shall be crowned with abundant success!' And surely I may anticipate, my brethren will prolong this call, and send it far and near until the whole land shall re-echo with the sound. Especially Br. Hammond can not wish to stifle the sound—he can not have a disposition to carp at and find fault with the manner in which it is uttered—he can not remain silent himself—and yet complain of others who would speak out to call the dead to life, and try to *twist* from their words some meaning from which offence can be taken! Oh, no—dear brother—I can not, and will not, attribute any such dishonorable motives to you.

For my part, I have no disposition to turn my face *back* to the past, and spend my time in discussing who has been to blame in the drooping and falling of our cause, in many most important locations. I do not question, and am willing to allow, that the brethren who have formerly labored in these places, were able, faithful, and good men—and that the want of success was not to be attributed to any lack in them, but to a combination of adverse circumstances! This I can well believe! But let the past *be past!* I am anxious to turn my face *forward*, and work for the *future*. I am anxious that our brethren every where, should forget all past unpleasant circumstances—all past coldness and indifference—and now, at this peculiarly auspicious time, *strike anew!* all over the land! One good, faithful effort now made, will be fruitful of greater success, than many in former years. I wish to say to all Universalists, *now*, *now* is the time for effort—now is the time for zeal, labor, sacrifices! 'Why stand ye here all the day idle?' Br. Hammond, will you not join me in this effort, and re-echo the cry, awake! awake!!

J. M. AUSTIN."

Capital Punishment.—No. IV.

THE SEVERITY OF THE PENALTY DEFEATS THE LAW.

We object to the law inflicting capital punishment, on the ground that it defeats itself and the ends of justice by the severity of its penalty. Many a criminal deeply guilty, in the eyes of God and man, of murder, and other capital crimes, escapes all legal punishment, and is allowed to run at large, a dangerous member of community, for no other reason than the severity of the penalty, if convicted. The penalty is regarded, and justly so, by

a great part of community in every enlightened country, as too severe, too awful, for man to inflict on his fellow man. And hence, many people, regarding it in this light, will not prosecute, or bring to trial those they believe or even know to be guilty—will connive at, or aid, their escape—knowing death to be the penalty if convicted; whereas, were the penalty any thing but death, they would aid in bringing them to trial. Not only so, but when they are even brought to trial, many jurors sitting at the trial, and having conscientious scruples against the punishment of death, will not convict, though they believe the prisoner guilty. Where the evidence is full and clear, and eleven of the jurors are convinced of his guilt beyond a doubt, and the twelfth believes him guilty, but has the shadow of a shade of doubt in the case, the prisoner has the advantage of that shadow of doubt, and is brought in "not guilty;" and thus escapes entirely, and is henceforth at large, and allowed (and perhaps emboldened by his escape) to repeat again and again the same crime; whereas, had the penalty been imprisonment for life, any thing but death, there could be no doubt of his conviction. There are some, yes, many jurors who will never, under any circumstances, bring in a prisoner guilty, when the penalty is death. Thus the ends of justice are defeated, the guilty go unpunished, and the peace and safety of the public are endangered by the very severity of the law.

In confirmation of these assertions we may adduce the opinions of many of the most eminent jurists and legislators on both continents, and innumerable facts that stand recorded on the pages of history. Sir William Blackstone, that eminent jurist and legal oracle of both continents, speaking on this subject about seventy-five years since, says, "So dreadful a list, (of capital punishments, there being at one time nearly two hundred different crimes punishable with death,) instead of diminishing, increases the number of offenders. The injured, through compassion, will often forbear to prosecute; *juries, through compassion, will sometimes forget their oaths*, and either acquit the guilty, or mitigate the nature of the offence; and judges, through compassion, will respite one half the convicts, and recommend them to the royal mercy. Among so many chances of escaping, the needy and hardened offender overlooks the multitude that suffer. He boldly engages in some desperate attempt to relieve his wants, or to supply his vices; and if, unexpectedly, the hand of justice overtakes him, he deems himself peculiarly unfortunate in falling, at last, a sacrifice to those laws which long impunity had taught him to contemn." The same eminent writer elsewhere calls these evasions of the law by jurors, "pious perjuries." Truly an appropriate appellation. Their oaths would compel them to convict if they believed the prisoner guilty, but their piety and benevolence forbid their being instrumental of the death of a fellow being: so they adhere to the latter and disregard the former, thus committing "pious perjuries." Query: which are the most culpable in these instances, the law-makers or the law-breakers?

Mr. Spear in his late work quotes the following from the works of Jeremy Bentham: "'Observe that jury-man in a blue coat,' said one of the judges at the Old Bailey to Judge Nares. 'Do you *see* him?' 'Yes'—'Well, there will be no conviction of death to-day.' And the observation was confirmed by the fact." The following statement from Lord Suffield in the British House of Lords is in point. He said he held in his hand a list of *five hundred and fifty five perjured verdicts*, delivered at the *Old Bailey* in fifteen years, beginning with the year 1814, for the *single offence of stealing from dwellings*, the value stolen being in these cases sworn *above* forty shillings, (that being the lowest sum authorising *capital* punishment,) but the verdicts returned being '*to the value of thirty nine shillings*' only. If required, he would produce the name of every one of these five hundred and fifty five convicts, and show the value proved to have been stolen. It deserved remark, that when the legislature raised the *capital* indictment to *five pounds* in June, 1827, *the juries at the same time raised their verdicts to four pounds nineteen shillings*; thus still keeping it low enough to save the offenders life. This had happened under the one head of stealing from dwelling houses.*

As we write more for utility than fame, more to present facts upon this subject, than to weave long webs of our own logic, we shall lay small claim to originality in most that we present to our readers, and shall endeavor to gather up suitable materials, or probable facts, from whatever source derived, which, in our opinion, will be best calculated to open the eyes of the public and especially of legislators on the all important subject of criminal law. The late work of Rev. Charles Spear on Capital Punishment, before referred to, though containing little that is original, is nevertheless a valuable work, and contains, in compilations, a vast amount and number of facts bearing directly on the subject. The following is a compilation found in this work, and is in further proof of the point we are upon—that the law of capital punishment defeats itself, and the transgressors escape with impunity.

"In England, cases like the following often occur in trials for crimes not capital among us, but which serve to illustrate the effect of the motives alluded to upon the minds of jurors. A woman was indicted for stealing, in a dwelling house, two guineas, two half-guineas, and forty-four shillings in other money. She confessed the stealing of the money, and the jury found her guilty; but as the stealing of such a sum would be punishable with death, they found the value of the money to be thirty nine shillings only, which saved her from the sentence of death. Another female was indicted for stealing lace, for which she refused to take eight guineas, offering it for sale for twelve. The jury convicted her of theft, found the lace to be worth thirty nine shillings. Two persons indicted for stealing the same goods privately in a shop, (five shillings stolen in this way making the offence capital,) one of the prisoners was found guilty of thus stealing to the value of five shillings, and the other to the value of four shillings and tenpence."

A few years since a petition was presented to the British Parliament by Lord Brougham, (while yet a commoner,) and its importance urged upon the House by him, signed by *six persons who had been foremen of grand juries at the Old Bailey the previous year*, and by *eleven hundred merchants*, &c., who had served as jurors or were eligible, praying for the revision and amendment of the criminal laws of England, in order for the greater security of their property and the more certain punishment of forgers and thieves, who in consequence of the severity of the laws, too frequently escaped all punishment. They use the following significant language:

"The petitioners view with deep regret the excessive and indiscriminate severity of the Criminal Laws, which annex to offences of *different degrees* of moral guilt the punishment of *death*, and confound the simple invasion of the rights of property with the most malignant and atrocious crimes against the person and the life of man. Your petitioners, as bankers, are deeply interested in the protection of property from forgery, and in the conviction and punishment of persons guilty of this crime—that your petitioners find, by *experience*, that the infliction of *death*, or even the probability of the infliction of death, *prevents* the prosecution, conviction, and punishment of the criminal, and thus *endangers* the property it was intended to protect—that your petitioners therefore pray that your Honorable House will not withhold from them that protection which they would derive from a *more lenient* law. Witnesses are frequently reluctant to give evidence, lest they might bring upon their consciences the stain of blood; and thus criminals, who, under a more rational and considerate code of laws would meet the punishment due to their crimes, escape with impunity! In the present state of the law, juries feel extremely reluctant to convict, where the penal consequences of the offence excite a conscientious horror on their minds, lest the rigorous performance of their duties should make them accessory to *judicial murder*. Hence, in courts of justice, a most unnecessary and painful struggle is occasioned by the conflict of the feelings of a *just* humanity with the sense of the obligation of an oath."

Numerous instances are cited in the work above referred to, in proof of the correctness of the views here exhibited, both in Europe and America. And many are the instances that occur every year in this country, of the guilty being entirely acquitted and escaping all legal punishment, who are believed to be guilty by the whole community, and doubtless by the jury trying them, for no other reason than that *death* is the only alternative if not acquitted. Who can doubt that the juries that tried E. K. Avery, the undoubted murderer of Maria Cornell, and Robinson, the undoubted murderer of the Jewett girl in New York, believed them both guilty, and would have convicted them, had the penalty been any thing but death?

A law that defeats its own object ought to be abolished. A law that defeats the ends of justice ought to be abolished. A law that public opinion does not sanction, a law that jurors can not act under without violating their oath of office or being morally guilty of *human blood* against the convictions of conscience, ought to be abolished. And public opinion in this country and in many others, thanks to the benevolent spirit of the age, is rapidly and powerfully setting against that relic of barbarous ages, the law of capital punishment; and *it must and will be abolished.*

In our last number we showed the law to be unnecessary and inexpedient; and both in that and this we have shown it to be utterly inefficient of any good, either in restraining the wicked from the perpetration of crime, or answering the ends of justice by the punishment of the guilty—that it even defeats the latter by the very severity of the penalty it inflicts. And we will here further remark, that it is inefficient of any good to the individuals suffering it, either in curing them of their evil propensities, or preparing them for death and eternity, by its terrors. Convictions and sentences for capital crimes, are, in general, productive of almost any thing but these effects. They generally fall on callous hearts and tend still more to harden them. In some instances the convict confesses his crime, makes up his mind to die, looks upon death as a kind of martyrdom to a bloody law, thinks he thereby fully atones for his crime and is sure of heaven as a reward for having suffered death.—But is this a desirable state of mind, or one that Christians would generally regard as a suitable preparation for death? Surely not. If, in some instances there be sincere penitence, a genuine reformation at heart, and the individual becomes a true Christian, then, we ask, why put him to death—why *murder* the Christian convert immediately on his reformation, and put him out of the world just as he is prepared to remain in it, doing good and living as he ought? Monstrous! Monstrous!!

But in general the doomed criminal is overwhelmed, confounded, stupified; or else vainly flatters himself he shall yet escape or be pardoned; or, utterly callous and foolhardy, jests to the last and scoffs at the gallows and executioner! Numerous instances are adduced in the work before referred to, of all these appearances in criminals doomed to the gallows. An individual, once an inmate of Newgate, says, "The numerous chances of escape, arising in great part from the nature of the punishment, and from the nature of the punishment independently of the chances of escape—the calculations of reason, and the delusions of hope excited by fear—conspire to render capital punishment wholly inefficient for the sole end of punishment, which is to present to all a stronger motive for abstaining from, than the ordinary motives for committing crime."

The following is the language of the convict: Q. "Have you often seen an execution?" A. "Yes." Q. "Did not it frighten you?" A. "No; why should it?" Q. "Did it make you think that the same would happen to yourself?" A. "Not a bit." Q. "What did you think, then?" A. "Think? why I thought it was a d—d shame." Q. "Now, when you have been going to run a risk of being caught and hanged, did the thought never come within your head, that it would be as well to avoid the risk?" A. "Never." Q. "Not

* See Selections from the London Morning Herald, vol. 1, p. 280.

when you remembered having seen men hanged for the same thing?" A. "Oh, I never remembered any thing about it; and if I had, what difference would that make? We must all take our chance. I never thought it would fall on me, and don't think it ever will." Q. "But if it should?" A. "Why, then, I hope I shall suffer like a man—where's the use of snivelling?" Such is the effect of the gallows on criminals themselves, to say nothing of the spectators.

We might cite numerous cases of the most hardened wickedness and blasphemous language exhibited by doomed convicts in prison and under the very gallows where they were led to be executed; but we forbear, for the present. D. S.

Spiritual Arrogance.

"A Christian minister is an embassador between heaven and earth—time and eternity. 'God over all, blessed forever,' has commissioned him to secure to men their deliverance from an endless hell, and their translation to an endless heaven."

I find the above strange sentence in the "Northern Christian Advocate," a Methodist paper published in Auburn. It seems to have been uttered by Rev. G. G. Hapgood, of Mexico, N. Y., in an Address on Ministerial Qualifications, before an association of Methodist clergymen.

By "a Christian minister," I suppose this writer means a *Methodist* minister, or at least a *partialist* preacher, who proclaims the endless damnation of a part of mankind. According to the rule laid down by those who style themselves the *evangelical*, a *Christian* minister is not one who preaches *salvation*, but one who preaches ceaseless *damnation*. That I do not mistake in this declaration, is evident from the fact, that there are hundreds of clergymen in the land who proclaim *salvation! salvation!* to man—thus reiterating the great theme of Christ and his apostles—yet who, nevertheless, are not admitted by the *evangelicals* to be Christian ministers. But the moment one of them forsakes his theme, and blows from his trumpet a scorching blast of *damnation*, lo! the cry that he is *converted* is heard far and near, and at once he is received into fellowship as a "*Christian* minister!" Formerly, he who preached "Jesus and the resurrection" was considered an embassador of Christ, but in these latter days, to be viewed as such, he must proclaim Jesus, the resurrection AND oceans of everlasting wrath!

These *partialist* clergymen, it appears by the paragraph above, claim to be "embassadors between heaven and earth—time and eternity"—and really and soberly assert that they have been "*commissioned*" by God, "to *secure* to men their deliverance from an *endless hell*, and their translation to an endless heaven!" Now, there is a *modesty*, a *humility*, about this assumption, that can not but fill with boundless admiration, the soul of all the humble minded! It is true we had thought heretofore, that there was but one embassador—"one Mediator"—between God and man—"heaven and earth, time and eternity," viz: Jesus Christ the Son of God—and that all true Christian ministers were the embassadors of *this* Mediator! But it would seem the world has labored under a mistake in this supposition, and that Methodist preachers, and others of like stamp, compose the medium between God and his creatures!

And moreover it has been supposed by some, that the all-important work of "securing" the salvation of mankind, has been entrusted by God, to the Redeemer.—This supposition was somewhat strengthened by reading in a certain old volume, which seems singularly neglected by many who ought to be most familiar with it, that "the Father sent *the Son* to be the Saviour of the world." But here again, there seems to be some mistake, either in us, or in the Bible. For according to the address before the Methodist clergy, it appears that God has commissioned "Christian (i. e. partialist) ministers," to accomplish this great enterprise, and "secure to men their deliverance from an endless hell."

The reader need not remind me that there appears somehow to be a collision between the declarations of the Bible and of this "Address" to the Methodist ministers! I am aware of it, and can only reconcile it, in the following manner. Jesus Christ, the "Mediator between God and men," so far as we can learn from the Scriptures, was never "commissioned to *secure* to men their deliverance from an *endless* hell" His commission only went so far as to authorize him to save men from *sin*—"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people *from their sins*." In the more important work of saving men from an *endless hell*, the Son of God seems to have been passed by, and the "commission" to do this, according to the Address, has been conferred on *partialist* clergymen!!! Let all those who would be saved from *sin*, apply to Jesus, the Saviour of the world. And let all such as would be saved "from an endless hell," fly to those *Christian* ministers, those *partialist* preachers, who claim to have this work entrusted to them. The only difficulty in the way of accomplishing this work, by these ministers, is *to find* "an endless hell," to save men from. The *Bible* knows nothing and says nothing of such a place. However, the want of this kind of authority is not an insurmountable obstacle.—For if the Bible does not teach the existence of "an endless hell," the *creed* does; and that is quite as good authority in the estimation of many.

But, seriously, is it not astonishing that in this age of the world, a body of clergymen should set up such a pretence as contained in the paragraph at the head of this article! What ignorance of the Scriptures to speak of "an *endless* hell!" What arrogance and presumption to assume that God has left the eternal interests of his creatures to depend on the labors, or exertions, or "commission" of any class of men! The salvation of man depends alone on God, his will, his purpose, his grace, and the work he has determined to accomplish through his only begotten Son, Jesus Christ. And for a frail, sinful mortal to pretend that Jehovah has entrusted the *security* of a work so momentous to his keeping, is manifesting a self-conceit, an ignorance and stupidity, absolutely astonishing! When will the self-styled *evangelical* priesthood learn the first principles of common sense on this subject! J. M. A.

REMOVALS.—Br. E. G. Brooks from East Cambridge, to Lowell, Mass. Br. A. R. Bartlett, (we see by the "Banner,") late of Poughkeepsie, but more recently of this city, has accepted a unanimous invitation to take the pastoral charge of the Universalist society in Bath, Maine. We are truly sorry to lose so good and talented a preacher from this State, and heartily congratulate the Bath friends on their valuable acquisition. He removes to and begins his labors in Bath about the middle of May.

It is quite desirable that friends sending in obituary notices for publication should make them as *short* as possible. Not that we care a pin whether we pay a compositor for setting up such a notice, or any other matter if it would please the mass of our readers. But the person writing the notice must remember that not more than two or three or at most half a dozen persons are interested in a biographical sketch of the deceased, of one half to one and a half columns in length, and those perhaps in many instances not subscribers to the paper. We often receive such notices with a request that they have "an early insertion." We can not always comply with these requests without crowding out other and important articles which have been prepared for the press. It often happens that from *six* to *ten* short notices can be inserted immediately, without occupying half the space that a long one would, and are very convenient to fill a small space without encroaching upon that allowed for other matter, and a dozen short ones sent in *after* the long one will find an insertion *before* the long one *can*. Remember then, the shorter you make your notice, the sooner will its publication be insured.

Somebody kindly sent us by mail a copy of "Popular Lectures on Astronomy," by M. Arago, with additions, corrections, &c., by Dr. Lardner, LL. D. Published by Greeley and McElrath, New York. Whether it came from the office of the "Tribune" or not, we can not say, and as there was *only* thirty six cents postage chargeable on the work, we did not feel in duty bound to *bleed* our pocket that much, so long as we could buy the same thing a few steps from the post office for 25 cents, and therefore did not lift the same from the P. O. It is doubtless a good work, judging from the notices we see in various newsprints. W.

☞ There are two letters (from Michigan) in this (Utica) Post Office for E. H. Sanford. Will Br. Hammond, or any friend in Monroe county, who may read this notice, and chance to see Mr. Sanford, inform him of the above fact.

NOTICE.

The next term of the Clinton Liberal Institute commences April 8th, inst. Mr. H. Anderson, the Principal, takes charge of the departments of Mathematics, Chemistry, Philosophy, &c. Mons. C. L. Feber, of Modern Languages. Mr. A. Adams, A. B., of Ancient Languages. No extra charges for the study of Modern Languages, broad and small sword exercises. The Female Department commences on the same day with two teachers and an assistant if required.

By order of the Executive Committee.

DISSOLUTION.

The copartnership heretofore existing between C. C. P. Grosh and A. Walker, is this day dissolved by mutual consent of the parties. C. C. P. GROSH, A. WALKER.

Utica, March 29, 1845.

The undersigned having purchased the entire interest of C. C. P. Grosh in the establishment heretofore owned by "Grosh & Walker," is empowered to settle all accounts due to and from, and all business relating to said firm. He will continue to publish the Magazine and Advocate as usual. It is desirable that those owing the late firm should make payment as soon as possible, in order to an early settlement of its affairs. Book and job printing neatly executed, as heretofore, by C. C. P. Grosh. ALBERT WALKER.

G. N. BEESLEY, No. 142 Genesee street, (Devereux Block) Utica, keeps for sale all the cheap publications, periodicals, magazines and news prints of the day. Give him a call.

☞ A quantity of the new work entitled "Orthodoxy as it is," by Brs. D. P. Livermore and R. Tomlinson, has just been received at this office from the publisher, Br. A. Tompkins, of Boston, Mass. It is a neatly got up work of 234 pages. Price 50 cents. Call and examine.

☞ A large lot of STREETERS HYMNS just received at this Office, large and small size, neatly bound, and for sale very low for *cash*, by the dozen or single. Small size $4.13 per dozen—large size $4.75. Now is the time for societies to furnish themselves with Hymn Books.

MARRIAGES.

In Turin, on the morning of the 26th ult., by Henry Ragan, Esq., Mr. HOMER C. WATERS, of Martinsburg, to Miss ADELINE ROCKWELL, of the former place

RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

Br. D. SKINNER will preach at Oran on the second Sunday inst., instead of Pompey Centre, as first noticed.

DEDICATION AND ORDINATION.—The new Universalist meeting house in Colesville, Wyoming county, N. Y., will be dedicated to the worship of the "one God, the Father," on the *second Wednesday* (14th day) of May next, services at half past ten o'clock, A. M. Sermon by Br. S. R. Smith. The ordination of Br. B. Hunt, will take place on that or the following day.

Also—The Western N. Y. Sunday School Association, will hold its first meeting at the same time and place. Ministering brethren, Sunday school delegates, and friends of Universalism, are respectfully invited to attend.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

Tears.

O, let them flow! the burning eye
Hath keener pangs when it is dry;
A briny flood the orb may ease,
The still more burning brain appease.

Although sad show'rs for fading hues
That richly once did cheeks suffuse,
Their fall the fount of grief may cool,
And gently calm the troubled pool.

Let them descend, like plenteous dew,
On hands with bloated veins of blue—
With throbbing palms, weak, parched and thin,
And bloom departing from the skin.

Let them in willingness be wept
O'er feeling's chords too harshly swept,
Their soft'ning influence may restore
Lost concord mercy needs deplore.

The lucid drops that rapid gush,
The restless, fever'd nerves may hush—
May still tumultuous doubts and fears,
Flow on then, anguish bidden tears.

South Oxford. M. E. T.

For the Magazine and Advocate.

"UNIVERSALISM WILL DO TO LIVE BY, BUT NOT TO DIE BY."

Soon after my arrival in R——, my attention was particularly excited by an interesting family who resided near me. Mr. W. was one of the earliest settlers of the town; and by industry and economy had acquired that degree of independence which seems best calculated to render the mind contented and self-satisfied. This was unostentatious abundance. The house in which he resided was low, and had stood about thirty years without paint: but it had many rooms in it, which were supplied with such articles of furniture as were best calculated to promote the comfort of its inmates. The family, at the time of which I speak, consisted of the parents, who had already passed the meridian of their days, and four young persons of extraordinary beauty. The eldest of these, a young man about twenty-four years of age, was even then wasting away with consumption. Eight of his brothers and sisters had gone before him, all cut down in the bloom of youth and beauty, like flowers when they are freshest and fairest; and he was soon laid beside them in the grave-yard. The afflicted parents felt that they should soon be childless; and the remaining children were conscious that they probably had but a short time to live.

The eldest of these was named Mary. Her form was considered faultless—her face was lovely, and her disposition mild and amiable. Those who looked on this angelic creature could not forbear sighing to think that so much excellence was so soon to be taken from us. As yet the glow of health was on her cheek, and her step was light and buoyant. She had given her heart and promised her hand, to one who would willingly have sacrificed his own life to have saved hers. It is natural to believe that persons thus situated should think much of death and eternity. Their relations on all sides were *church members*, and some of them the most bigoted Calvinists that ever existed; yet not one of these had ever united with any church. At this time the docurine of a world's salvation had never been proclaimed in that vicinity. But, at this very crisis, the son of one of their poor neighbors who had spent several years abroad, returned and preached to them "glad tidings of great joy which shall be unto all people." Perhaps it was the love of novelty, a desire to hear what this new doctrine was, that brought some to hear him preach, while others wished to see how the young stripling looked in the pulpit, and thus, perhaps, curiosity, as much as any thing, brought a large audience together whenever an appointment was given out for him, in the school house, which was the only place of worship for all denominations in the neighborhood. Among the most attentive listeners to our *young preacher* and his doctrines, was Mr. W. and his family. This afflicted group found consolation in the promises of the Gospel, which, for the first time, had been presented to their understandings, in an agreeable and cheering light. And the tears would roll down the cheeks of the good old man, as the speaker portrayed to him the union of those in heaven which had been separated by death on earth.

For a while scarce any were so bigoted as to absent themselves from the ministrations of the young preacher: but, by degrees, an excitement was raised among the Methodists, and meetings were held almost every evening in private houses. The family above alluded to were frequently at these meetings. The youngest, a girl of about fifteen years of age, saw her school-mates and friends going on the anxious seats, and was finally induced to go with them. In short, she became a convert, and joined the church. What a triumph was this for Partialism, to gain one from this *stubborn family*, whom even the terrors of death could not intimidate! Her brother and sister remained satisfied with the belief that all mankind would be finally holy and happy. But Mary was soon to be married to one, who, like herself, believed in the salvation of all mankind. Preparations were already making for the wedding. Materials for the bridal dress had been purchased, and every thing which was deemed necessary, except the wedding shoes. But before the garments were made, disease had fixed its tiger fangs upon its victim, and marked her for his own. And when the day, appointed for her wedding, arrived, she was past all hope of recovery. She lingered but a short time, and was soon laid beside her brothers and sisters in the grave-yard! Her funeral sermon was preached by a Baptist Elder, who was distantly connected with the family; and he took this opportunity to harrow up the minds of the sufferers with the terrors of an endless hell; and spoke of the deceased as an unregenerate soul, for whom there was no hope of mercy! Cruel as this sermon was, it had a tendency to attach the survivors more strongly to Universalism than ever. Her brother and lover found great comfort in conversing with the young preacher on the resurrection, the atonement, and the restoration of all things. But the sister continued to worship with the Methodists. A year had at length rolled round since the death of poor Mary. Her brother, who had long been attached to a young lady in the neighborhood, applied to the minister of reconciliation to unite them in marriage. Many were the prayers which the friends of this couple sent up for their prosperity; and the young preacher had the satisfaction of uniting two Universalists in the holy bands of matrimony.

One year more of comparative happiness was allowed to this devoted family, when Amelia, the youngest daughter, found that her health was beginning to fail. She talked of her approaching death with the utmost calmness. She felt that it was unavoidable, and a matter of course, and nothing more than she had long expected. She was finally induced to visit the sea shore. Before leaving home, she informed her father that she was a Universalist, and had long been one; that she was attached to her brethren and sisters of the Methodist denomination, and hated to break friendship with them, by professing what they considered so pernicious; that her health was so poor that she did not feel able to answer all the objections that she knew her opposers would bring against her; and as she had but a short time to live, she wished to die at peace with all mankind. The emotions of her parents and friends can scarcely be imagined, on hearing this confession; yet they were gratified to know that, though they must soon lose her, she enjoyed that blessed hope which would be an anchor to her soul sure and steadfast.

No sooner did this intelligence reach the Methodists, than they concentrated all their forces against the dying girl, and appointed one of their class leaders to write to her. She soon received a long letter, containing nearly all the (so deemed) *hard texts* from Genesis to Revelations. With these she had long been familiar. And now, when they were presented in such terrific array, they utterly failed to convince her that she was on the downward road to destruction. But being very feeble in health, and possessing a rather timid disposition, she called upon one who, in mind and body, was every way a match for her antagonist. The letter was answered and did not meet with a rejoinder. She left her quiet home and weeping friends, and, in company with her aged father, proceeded to the shores of the great deep. This journey was evidently detrimental to her, and she was unable to return. She died and was buried among strangers. So gradual and imperceptible had been her decline, that death scarce seemed to have changed her.—And that faith, which had afforded her so much consolation in sickness, was her glory and delight in death. It was soon after her father returned with all this intelligence, that a Methodist minister, while treating of Universalism, in a sermon, took occasion to say that "It will do to live by but not to die by."

Would that my task was finished. But there is still one remaining. A husband and a father! Alas! these ties were of no avail against the fell destroyer. Unlike the rest, he was unapprised of the near approach of death, although he had been daily watching for some symptoms of the family disease. The last child of his declining parents was snatched from them! The young wife became a widow, and her children orphans! In this sad hour of trial, the minister of reconciliation was again called upon. He who, five years before, had united him to the lonely being who now stood weeping over his remains, was now to pour the balm of consolation into their wounded hearts. This seemed, even to the preacher, an almost hopeless task; so deep were their afflictions. * * * *

Years rolled on, and cheerfulness again resumed its place in that mansion of the bereaved. And the declining years of the aged parents were cheered by the widow and the smiling countenances of her happy children—made happy by the influence of that faith that is not only good to live by, but still better to die by, and which alone can bind up the broken heart, and heal the wounds that death has made in the domestic circle. MARIA.

Universalist Books for sale at this Office.

Paige's Selections,	$1.00	Merchant's Widow,	$0.50
do. Commentary,	1.00	Williamson's Argument for Christianity,	.50
Balfour's 2d Inquiry,	1.00		
Universalists Guide,	1.00	Exposition of Universalism,	.50
do. Book of Reference,	1.00	Lectures to Youth, by S. R. S.,	.50
Names and Titles of Jesus,	1.00	Orthodoxy as it is,	.50
Eagle of the Mohawks, 2 v.,	1.00	Historical Sketches,	.50
Pro and Con of Univ'salism,	1.00	Skinner's Sermons,	.50
Skinner & Campbell's Disc.,	1.00	The Preacher,	.50
Pocket Polyglot Bible,	1.00	Biography of Winchester,	.50
Rose of Sharon, for 1845,	2.00	Bacon on Religion,	.50
Practical Hints to Universalists,	.75	Skinner's Letter's to Aikin & Lansing,	.50
Poems by Miss M. A. H. Dodd,	.75	Life of Murray,	.40
Austin's Voice to Youth,	.63	Chapin's Lectures,	.37
do. do. to the Married,	.63	Flower Vase, by S. C. E.,	.37
do. on the Attributes,	.63	Fables of Flora, by S. C. E.,	.37
Balfou's Lecture Sermons,	.63	Sacred Flora, by H. Bacon,	.37
do. Select Sermons,	.63	Hours of Communion,	.37
do. notes on the Parables,	.50	Memoir of S. W. Fuller,	.37
do. on the Atonement,	.46	Pocket Concordance,	.25
Mrs. Scott's Poems,	.63	Streeters Hymns, (large and small,)	.44, .50, & .63
Causes of Infidelity Remov'd,	.33		
Universalist Manual,	.50	Select Theological Library, 10 vols. (unbound,)	1.00
Skinner's Prayer Book,	.50		
Christian Comforter,	.50	Select Theological Library, 8 vols. (bound,)	1.00
Law of Kindness,	.50		
Ely and Thomas' Discussion,	.50	Washingtonian Pocket Companion, dozen or single,	
Flower Basket, by T. J. S.,	.50		

Hudson's Questions for Sunday Schools, Paige's do., Balch's Manual, Thayer's Bible Class Assistant, and a variety of Catechisms and Class Books. Also, a variety of Sunday School Library Books, which will be sold low for cash.

TERMS.

A. WALKER, PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

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All communications to the Publisher or Editors, must be POST PAID or FREE. Post Masters will usually frank remittances.

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